

Going Home
by Bratney

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Summary: Kathryn is Dr. Loomis' adopted daughter, but tensions rise and Kat decides to leave... for the Myers House. MichaelxOC Rated for mature content.

1. Chapter 1

Going Home

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"Good afternoon, Michael," the teenager said as she set down a plate of food, "I brought you some lunch, I made it myself." This was Kathryn's daily routine, she'd bring Michael lunch, then talk to him through the clear plastic of the cell he was being held in. He would never respond, never indicated he even knew she was there; but the cleaners said the plates of food she brought down were always left empty.

The brunette enjoyed her talks with Michael, mostly because she knew he would never tell her secrets to anybody, and he was the closest thing to a friend she had.

Her long hair was left down today, flowing down around her beautiful face, and making her dark eyes stand out. She wore no makeup save for some lip gloss she had rolled on before entering the room.

"I wonder what my mom looked like," Kat told Michael as she looked around for the chair she normally sat in, "I always pictured her as tall and beautiful, but you never know."

Although, on a normal day, Kathryn spent at least an hour down here everyday, today's visit was about to be cut short. "Kat!" Dr. Loomis yelled storming over to where the girl was standing, "How many times have I told you to leave it alone?"

This sudden outburst got Michael's attention.

"Dad, don't refer to Michael as 'it', that is rude!" Kat scolded her father.

"He's evil, Kat," Dr. Loomis said not choosing to hear his daughter, "you shouldn't be here!"

"Dad, Michael's my friend, I like talking to him," Kathryn said giving the doctor her best angry eyes, that only made her look like she was about to cry.

"Kat I forbid you to talk to him, he's dangerous!" Loomis shouted his anger apparent in his voice. Kat cringed.

"Since when do you really care about my safety? You only adopted me because of who my real father is!" Kat shouted at him, tears running freely down her face.

"Kat that is not true," Loomis said calmly.

"Yes it is! You took me in because my dad was some loon that went around killing people at some lake!" Kat yelled and pulled out her pocket knife, "well dad guess what? I have feelings! I can bleed too Dad!" Kat slid the knife down her hand, blood trickled down her arm and she held her hand out so Loomis could see it, "I can bleed."

"It's still dangerous down here," Loomis said and looked over at Michael who was staring at the blood running down the girls arm.

"I can't get through to you, can I? You just don't get me at all!" Kat yelled and stormed off down the hall.

The next day Kat made two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and went down to Michael's cell. She pushed one plate under the plastic and kept one for herself. Then she poured two cups of milk, giving one to him and keeping one for herself.

She took a bite of her sandwich and began to chew, when she had swallowed that mouthful she looked at Michael, "The nerve of that man! He always tells me what to do!" She held up her hands and continued, "I'm done! On Saturday when I turn 18 I'm leaving and never coming back!"

Michael looked at her hands and moved closer to the glass. The large cut that had been there yesterday was completely gone.

"What? Oh, my hand! I've got extraordinary healing power, it doesn't take more than 5 minutes to heal almost any cut." Kathryn broke her plastic cup and slid a jagged piece under the glass, "Here, give it your best shot!"

Michael took the plastic and looked at the hand and wrist being offered. In one fluid motion he had cut a deep slice into her wrist.

"Damn, that hurts!" Kat said attempting to withdraw her arm. Michael grabbed it and stared at it as it started to heal. Minutes later it was gone. He rubbed a finger over it to see if it was just an illusion and blinked a couple of times.

"Amazing, huh?" Kat said watching his finger on her wrist. His gentle caress sending electricity throughout her body.

"Michael, I have a favor to ask you," Kat asked after a few minutes of sitting peacefully together, "on Saturday, when I leave, I'll need a place to stay... could I use your house for awhile?"

Michael tilted his head to the side slightly and questioned her with his eyes. Kat let a small smile cross her face, "It won't be forever, just for a little while... if you don't want me to then I'll understand."

Michael tilted his head to the other side, running his finger over her unmarred flesh one last time before letting her hand go. He didn't move as she blew him a kiss and walked away from him for what they both thought would be the last time.

Saturday came and went and soon Kat had settled into the Myers residence. She had cleaned and did some yard work but left most of the house alone. She also decided to change her appearance, her brown hair was now black with green streaks and her eyes had changed from blue to green.

Kat kept to herself the next few months, trying to restore order to her life and figure out who she was by looking up family history.

A month passed and Halloween was approaching. Kat couldn't help but think of her masked companion.

"Do you think he'll escape and come home?" She asked her cat Nikko as she set the bowl of cat food on the floor in front of the cat. Of course the cat couldn't answer, she was too busy stuffing her face.

"Halloween is the day after tomorrow!" Kat hit her head lightly on the cupboard before opening it to pull out a glass. She looked at her watch and to the cat who was happily finishing off the food, "Correction, Halloween is tomorrow."

Kat opened the fridge and grabbed a jug of milk and poured it into the glass, "I hate not being able to sleep!" She gulped down her drink and went to sit in the living room.

Kat held a book in her hand but paid more attention to the noises of the old house, she almost purred at the now familiar creak of the house settling.

She awoke awhile later to an unfamiliar sound, and the hiss of a cat. "Nikko? What's wrong baby?" She stood up and walked over to the kitchen and opened the door, shocked to see her cat hissing at a tall masked figure.

Sure Michael had seemed to be nonthreatening inside the confines of his cell, but standing there in the kitchen, a knife in his hand was a hole other ball game. He took a step toward her. Her fear rushed over her, and she backed into the living room slowly.

"Michael?" She questioned quietly, unsure of the man walking slowly towards her, "Michael, are you hungry? Do you want me to make you

breakfast?"

He showed no signs of stopping, no signs of even having heard the girl, he just continued to close the small gap between them.

Kat braced herself for the inevitable, closing her eyes tight and started praying to some higher power in hopes that Michael would make it quick and painless. She was shocked, however, to hear the sound of metal hitting the floor and looked down to see the knife he had held in his hand. He was so close now, close enough to reach out and touch if she had the guts to do so.

He reached up and touched the side of her face, her fearful eyes met his but could read nothing in them. They were empty.

"Michael," she whispered trying to control her shaking body, "what do you want from me? Do you want me to leave? I'll go I promise, just don't hurt me." tears slid silently down her cheek, and she moved to get away from him.

Apparently he didn't like that much, because before she could take a second step he had her hands pinned to the wall above her. Kathryn whimpered, something told her this wasn't going to be short and painless, and whatever higher power she had pleaded with earlier wasn't on her side. He could torture her forever the way her body healed, if his sick twisted mind wanted that.

His hand that wasn't pinning hers to the wall went back to her cheek, he gently stroked her skin, sending electricity through her. '_This isn't suppose to feel good_' she told herself as his hand trailed down her neck to her chest.

He touched the side of her breast gently, like he wasn't sure of what he was doing. This action made Kat figure out what her masked attacker had in mind. '_Is he really doing this?'_ she asked silently looking up into his emotionless face.

Michael's hand trailed down the side of her body, stopping at the bottom of her shirt. He grabbed a hold of the fabric and ripped it off over her head. He stopped to puzzle over her bra for a moment before Kat stopped him.

"I'll take this off, I don't want it ripped, okay?" Kathryn said. He let go of her arms and she reached behind her to unclasp the fabric, she slid it over her arms and threw it on the floor next to them. His hands were on her again, rubbing gently across her stomach and breasts. Kat shivered in delight, moaning gently when he ripped off her jeans.

Kat, emboldened at the feel of his hands on her flesh, reached out and touched his chest, he paused, watching Kat's fingers pull down the zipper, and push the uniform off his arms. She traced his scars with her hand, sighing gently at the feel of his skin.

Kat stepped closer and pressed her lips to one of the scars, trailing small kisses down the length of it, then flicked her tongue against his nipple. He pulled her underwear off gently, patiently, knowing she wouldn't want them destroyed, after all they did match her bra.

He could smell her arousal; the bitter-sweet smell floated to him, flooding his mind and taking over his body. He laid her on the floor, and stood to pull off his pants. He positioned himself between her legs and entered her in one hard thrust.

Kathryn screamed in a mixture of pleasure and pain, never had she been with someone so large, he filled her completely, stretching her farther than she had ever been. His thrusts were hard and fast, making her moan. She arched up to meet each one, letting him fill her, letting him take possession of her body.

Soon, her climax hit and she screamed his name. He was watching her face, watching as her pleasure consumed her. His thrusts continued, building her up once more before they both tumbled over the edge.

Kathryn wrapped her arms around him and lazily traced her fingers over his back. She smiled and whispered, "Welcome home, Michael."

**AN: Well this didn't turn out the way I had expected it... I figured there would be more of a plot, but in my hurry to get things done this is what I wrote.**

**Disclaimer: I don't own Dr. Loomis, Halloween, or Michael Myers...**

2. Chapter 2

"Kathryn," a voice called out to her, "Kat, your daddy is looking for you." She was walking through a forest by a lake, a place she had never seen before. She heard metal scraping against metal, she wasn't sure how, she couldn't see any metal objects around her.

Suddenly she was standing in a boiler room, she walked down a metal staircase when a very ugly man appeared in front of her and said "Boo!"

She woke up screaming, startling Michael who was sitting beside her. Her hands were shaking and she had tears streaming down her face, "He's coming for me, he's coming to get me Michael."

This wasn't the first time she had the dream, it had happened every night for the past week, but this time it had gone farther, never had she seen his face before.

She sobbed and laid her head on his shoulder. He brushed away her tears, hating her for doing this, hating her for making him care.

"You won't let him hurt me will you?" Kat asked when her tears stopped falling and she had gotten control of her emotions, "Him, and that man from my dream? You won't let either one of them kill me, will you?"

Michael cocked his head to the side, looking at the girl who was visibly shaken up. He had thought her to be so strong, not scared of anything, yet here she was scared of her father. He pulled her into his lap and rubbed his fingertips across her stomach.

Kathryn moaned lightly at the touch of his fingers, remembering the night before and what horribly sinful things he had done to her body. She reached up and pressed her lips to the plastic ones on his mask, gently kissing him through the material.

Kat wiggled her way off his lap and ran to the stairs, "I'm gonna go get dressed, then I'll make some breakfast, I'm sure Nikko would appreciate it after being locked in the kitchen all night long."

In her room she pondered over the nights activities, she smiled to herself at the memories of what Michael had done to her. She slipped into a pair of black pants and a tube-top that had the batman logo on it.

She walked out of her room and down the stairs, pausing to look into the living room where Michael sat looking at her. "What do you want for breakfast? Do you want an omelet?" She asked smiling. Kat knew she wouldn't get an answer and she was desperately craving an omelet. She fed Nikko some canned cat food and refilled her water dish before getting to work on the light and fluffy eggs.

Michael moved to the kitchen to watch Kat cook, she was singing softly under her breath a tune he had heard her sing before. She placed the omelets on the plates and sat them on the table. He watched her eat, her tongue flicking out to lick her lips after every couple of bites, the look on her face as she savored the flavor.

When she had finished her food she left the room, knowing that Michael wouldn't want to eat in front of her. She walked to the living room to get the book she had left there the night before, she picked it up, turned back toward the stairway, and screamed as loud as she could.

Two figures stood by the front door, one was the man that she had seen in her dream last night, the other a big guy with a hockey mask.

AN: I had to write more, I wasn't satisfied with just the first chapter. There was a lack of plot that I couldn't get over; so I decided to bring Kat's FATHER into the picture, along with our favorite dream killer.

3. Chapter 3

Michael was standing in the doorway to the kitchen before Kat could finish screaming, knife drawn, and ready to kill. He walked toward the two men, glaring at them through the plastic of his mask.

"Calm down, big boy," the man from Kat's dream said holding his hands up in surrender, "we're just here to talk, after all, Kathryn here hasn't met her dad before."

Michael backed down and moved to stand protectively next to Kat, knife ready. He looked as if nobody was going to touch her and get away from it, but Kat was his after all.

"Who are you?" Kathryn asked looking at the two men standing in front of her. She took a step forward, "What are you doing here?"

"Clueless little Kitten, doesn't even know her own father when she sees him," Freddy said shaking his head, "or uncle Freddy?"

"Freddy, Freddy Krueger?" Kat asked, "I've heard about you, Daâ€"Dr. Loomis told me about you forever ago."

"This silent lump is Jason, Kat meet your father," Freddy said thumping Jason on the back.

Kat took a step closer to them, but Michael blocked her way with his arm. Kat just stopped and smiled up at him. "Freddy, Dad, meet my Mr. Silent, Michael Myers," Kat said looking from one person to the next, "Michael, stop it, I just want to get a little closer."

Michael stepped back and watched as the girl went and hugged her dad, and then Freddy. She was smiling and even laughed when Freddy tried to make a pass at her. All the while Michael was feeling his anger growing. Anger at these people, and anger at Kathryn.

"Come and sit down, I'm going to go have a private talk with Michael, he doesn't seem overly excited that you're here," Kat said when she looked over at the man standing behind her, he was nearly shaking with rage.

Kat held out her hand, unsure of Michael's current mood, she was half afraid of him right now. Michael brushed it away and walked up the stairs into the room Kat was using. Kat followed close behind.

"Michael, what's wrong?" Kat asked touching the side of his face, "why are you so angry?" She pressed her lips to his plastic ones gently.

Michael wrapped his arms around her waist and ran his hands up and down her back calming himself and her.

Kat made a soft mewling noise in the back of her throat and pressed herself against him. She gasped as his hands trailed up the back of her shirt and around the front to cup her breasts. She had decided not to wear a bra that morning, a decision that she now was happy about.

Michael turned her around and slipped the cloth over her head and caressed her skin with the back of his hands. She moaned and leaned her head back against his chest, his hands moved down to her pants, a soft pop and zipping noise filled her ears before the cool air of the house touched more of her bare skin.

Kat whimpered when the warmth of Michael's chest left her back, but moments later she was pressed up against him again, this time skin on skin. Michael fingered the lace of her underwear before he slowly pulled it off.

"Please Michael, I can't wait, I need you now," Kat said her breaths coming out in short gasps. She screamed softly when Michael bent her over the bed and slid into her. He waited only a moment before

pumping into her hard and fast.

It took only minutes for Kat to go spinning over the edge, and Michael followed her a few thrusts later.

Reluctantly, a few minutes later, Kat put her clothes back on and walked to the door. "I've got to go entertain our guests, come down when you're ready," She said, almost glowing from what just transpired.

When she entered the living room two sets of eyes turned to her. Freddy grinned, "So how was that 'talk'?"

**AN: Probably only one chapter after this one. R&R!**

4. Chapter 4

Kat blushed, it seemed that Freddy knew exactly what had gone on up in the bedroom, did her dad know?

It was weird, she had always known that her dad was an infamous killer, one of the top three if you asked Dr. Loomis, but she never thought she would meet him face to face, or rather face to mask. She didn't quite know what to say.

She stood there, wishing the awkward silence wasn't thick enough to cut with a knife, and looked at the two men who were looking back at her. Not twenty minutes ago she was full of things to say, but now she was unable to find anything intelligent to talk about.

When she finely found the courage to speak it came out in a whisper, hardly loud enough for even herself to hear. She cleared her throat and repeated herself, "How long do you plan on staying in town?"

"As long as it takes you to get ready to go," Freddy said, "Jason has every intention on bringing you with us."

"I can't leave Haddonfield," Kathryn said shocked, "this place is my home, no matter how dysfunctional the people here may be."

"Dr. Loomis doesn't plan on letting you stay gone forever," Freddy said, "he has his search team out there now, he wants you back Kat."

"Dr. Loomis apparently doesn't know me very well if this house wasn't the first place he checked," Kat said sitting down on a old chair across from Freddy, "I can't leave Michael, I won't leave Michael! He's the only thing I have in my life right now that doesn't terrify the shit out of me."

"Big creepy guy doesn't terrify you?" Freddy asked, "Then what does, the Easter Bunny?" Freddy stood up and looked down at Kathryn, "We're leaving as soon as you're things are packed, end of story."

Voice led Dr. Loomis up the old stairs to the front porch, he could tell one of them was his daughter's, but couldn't recognize the other. He stopped to listen, the angry whispers couldn't be made out from this far away, so he opened the door quietly.

He should have known this is where she would be, she had been obsessed with Michael Myers. Loomis' only fear is Michael had found her when he escaped.

Kathryn was sitting in a chair, tears streaming down her face, when Loomis entered the house. He watched as a man with extremely burnt skin glared down at her. Another man, this one wearing a hockey mask, sat on the couch watching the exchange.

It took Loomis a couple minutes to figure out who these people were, but when it hit him, it hit him hard. This was Freddy Krueger, dream killer, and Jason Voorhees, the killer of Camp Blood. His anger, pent up since Kathryn left, was then aimed at the two standing there tormenting his Kat. He knew the chances of survival were slim-to-none, but that wasn't going to stop him.

He took a step forward, only to see Michael standing next to him by the stairway. Three psychotic serial killers to him and Kat, the odds were not in their favor. He had to get his timing just right, so he watched as Michael joined the others in the living room.

To Loomis' surprise, Michael stopped in front of Freddy, blocking Kathryn's view of the man with the claw. His stance seemed rather... protective.

Loomis had to laugh at this thought, it was absurd, Michael had no human thought, no emotions, why would he protect Kat?

That was when his presence was found out, Freddy looked over at him and grinned, "Look, we have something to play with."

Kat's eyes flew to the door, her cheeks red and blotchy from the tears she had been crying. "Dr. Loomis, what are you doing here."

"Kathryn, I'm here to take you home," Dr. Loomis said his fear over road the desire to gather the girl into his arms.

Freddy walked over to the Dr., he smiled and waved his claw at him, "Kathryn won't be going with you Dr. Loomis, her father wants her to come home with us."

"Her home is with me at the asylum!" Dr. Loomis protested. His eyes darted to the other room where the other men were glaring at him.

"Freddy, leave him alone!" Kat jumped out of her chair and crossed the room to where the two men stood, "Dr. Loomis, that place was never my home, and you were never my father, I hope you take that into consideration and leave now before one of these men do something that I won't be able to stop."

"But what about you, Kat," Dr. Loomis didn't sound certain of her decision at all, "will you be able to stop any attacks on you?"

Kathryn grabbed Freddy's clawed hand and watched as a small stream of blood appeared, she held out her hand and Loomis watched as it quickly disappeared, "you forget that I am harder to hurt than most people, I'll be fine."

With a nod of his head Dr. Loomis left the house.

Kat glared at the man in front of her. "What the hell were you doing?" she asked outraged, "Did you forget that man raised me? Or, maybe it was the fact that I cared about him that you overlooked?"

Freddy blinked a couple of times, he hadn't thought she would react like this. He, for the first time in his life, was speechless.

"And to clear this hole thing up," Kat continued, "I am **not** going **anywhere **with either of you!" She looked into the living room and glared at her father, "You have no right to tell me to leave, but if you want to be around me, you can stay here."

Kat took a deep breath and tried to calm down, "Actually that is a good idea, if you want to be with me, be my family, you have to stay here."

"When can we move in?" Freddy asked.

"Whenever you want," Kat said. She walked over to Michael and wrapped her arms around him, for the first time in her life she felt like she was home.

**AN: This is the final chapter for this fic! If you want more Michael/Kathryn lemons I will be happy to write them... but you have to beg for them!**

**TTYL, **

**Bratney**

End
file.